

# *Sketch*

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## Cyclops

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around the Point Curve. "There they are — way back there around the bend. Drive faster." "Jimmy, sit down. Please sit down." "I can still see them, I tell you! Hurry, faster." "Sit down, Jimmy, please sit down before you . . ." "Hurry, we can still win. Faster!" "Jimmy, please — J I M M Y!" But the fire ball returns every morning, and the breeze retreats south and east, past the point and the swamp to the beach and out to sea, and all is still in the brightness. And the boards of the pier sear the bare flesh. And the fire of the road is no better. The road, which brings the dusty car from the hospital and kind Dallas and the end: "It's over, honey. His brain couldn't take the jar of the fall. It's better. He never would have been right again." Again, again, again. . .

I've been away, but I'm here again. No, not again. The trees are bare now. The jukebox is gone, and the store closed. And out there beyond the point and the fog is the forest of the Princess — green no more. And the pier, cut by the storms of October, tossed and washed by the rains of November and December — no, there will be no again.

*Mary Dorward, H. Ec. Soph.*

## CYCLOPS

Cyclops scans the steel-blue night  
 And parries the moon with thrusts of light,  
 Pierces cloud-wisps through and through  
 And shouts silent warning to some few.  
 Oh, spin your head and thrust your beam —  
 You cannot scare us while we dream:  
 Yea, who will spin your head and keep  
 Your beam — when at last we sleep?

*James Wickliff, Sc. & H. Grad.*